

# EXHIBIT A

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I write to address the reasons that I come before you. It is because of my deceitful and selfish reasons that put me here. I'm beyond ashamed to say that my actions were for my own personal gain. I did not consider just how large an impact my choices could have for both myself and others.

My deception and selfish ways began back in 2016, shortly after being placed on probation. Within the first few months, I had access to a smartphone, which was against the rules. This access continued up until my arrest in June of 2022. My decision to access the internet to obtain indecent material did not occur again until late 2020. I have no excuse for this nor justification in why I chose to begin talking with someone I believed to be a child. I made a horrible decision to attempt to build a relationship with this person in attempt to convince them to produce indecent material for me, and even going so far as to send them indecent material in attempt to normalize the request. I never met with the individual in person, even after remaining in contact with them for as long as I had. It didn't feel like it was the right thing to do, which I should have recognized sooner.

I did not consider what kind of an impact my decisions would cause. The obvious impacts against myself, being the legality of my actions as well as the immorality and shame of my actions being publicized, and also the damage that may have been caused had I been in communication with a child. I'm ashamed for having my choices and actions cast a negative light upon my family. After hearing that my arrest had been publicized, I learned that member of my family had received harassment, including an anonymous handwritten letter taped on the front door threatening my family and I, as well as verbal abuse received via social media. Following my incarceration, I appointed my father power of attorney, causing further hardship for him as he has enough of his own affairs to manage, such as how to supplement his income now that I'm no longer paying rent to live with him. Despite my charge, both of my parents have been providing me their support even though neither are financially well off. 4

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Since coming to jail, I've come to realize that I've taken my time in life for granted and not recognizing it's true value. Because of my horrible decisions, the worst punishment to be received is the taking away of my freedom. Time that I could have used to spend with my parents. Time I could have used to reconnect with my brother. Time I could have spent to further my education or skills to better myself as a person. Time I should have spent in seeking help and support for my wrong choices. I will be close to the age of retirement should I receive the maximum sentence, with little time remaining to start a successful career path and likely with no means of support, as it's possible that my parents may be deceased upon my release, which greatly saddens me just thinking about potentially losing them. While I can't undo what has already been done, this experience has taught me that it's not worth repeating. I am prepared to repent however I must atone for the harm that I've caused. Thank you for taking the time to hear me out and I can only hope those who I've impacted can forgive me for all that I've done and caused.

## EXHIBIT B

**From:** [Deborah Griswold](#)  
**To:** [Wedade Abdallah](#)  
**Subject:** Re: Test  
**Date:** Tuesday, July 11, 2023 6:21:49 PM

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**EXTERNAL SENDER**

You're Honor Judge Wolford,

7/11/2023

My name is Deborah Griswold. I am the mother of Mathew Steven Schulman. I am writing this letter to you to express my feelings, thoughts and views about my son and his past, his present and his future. Currently, I feel conflicted about submitting this letter to the court as I am unsure if this letter is going to be received as helpful or a hindrance to my son. But, I am going to move forward and place my trust that this letter will not harm him in any way.

I would like to start by saying that the first time that my son was arrested was devastating, to say the least. Matt had never been a problem child, teen or young adult. Of course, there were a few child/parent battles but nothing out of the ordinary. Matt was a fun loving, respectful son. He had loads of friends and they were good, well behaved friends. I liked most of the buddies that he brought around. He seemed to attract that sort of friend. I never had to worry much about his crowd that he hung with. His friend's families were decent folks that raised respectful kids. My three oldest boys, Matt included, pretty much kept the same circle of friends. So, we as their parents felt pretty comfortable with the company that they all kept. We knew these boys, we were close to them and cared deeply for them. Collectively, they were all good kids, teens and now young adults. We were proud of them and all of their friends. It was fun watching them all grow up. It still is.

To learn that my son had been somehow involved in the dark world of child pornography. It completely blew me away. I just couldn't believe that the son that I knew, that he had never had any issues with the law. Who was respectful, kind and pleasant could ever have done what he is being accused of. I couldn't wrap my head around the fact that my son was capable of doing such a thing. He had had girlfriends in the past and they were age appropriate. It just didn't make sense to me. I wracked my brain trying to recall anything that I missed in his past that should have alerted me of this peculiar behavior. But, I couldn't think of anything. Then, I told myself that it was just something that happened because maybe the internet had had a "pop up" that enticed him. I figured that he, being in his twenties, hormonal and curious, he had to have a look. I truly believed it to be just about that innocent. I soon learned that there was more to the story than that. I asked my son at the time of the first arrest, if he had possessed, purchased, or distributed any child porn and he assured me that he had not. Of course, I believed him. I have really never had any reason not to believe him as he has never lied to me in the past, that I am aware of. I have always told my kids that I will always have their backs and believe them and will fight for them until they lie to me and then they have to work hard to earn my trust back. Basically, I'll believe them until I can't.

This became a very scary and heart breaking time for me as I was worried sick about his future. What was to become of him, how were people going to treat him? I was afraid for him. Was he going to get beat till death, or what? He's not a large man, he's always been tall and slim. No real muscle mass to speak of. The news of his arrest spread around the town and community to the circle of friends and family. Matt lost all his close friends and family. He had to literally change his entire life. Matt was truly alone. I felt terrible for him. But, he did what he was supposed to do. Accepted his responsibilities and moved forward. He moved in with his father. He did his jail time, group classes and whatever else he was supposed to...so I thought. I at one point, recommended and tried to find him some support groups or therapists, just in case he needed that type of support.

During the time of Matt's first arrest I had already moved to Florida and was not able to see and be with Matt on a daily basis. It was heartbreaking and I cried a lot then and was fighting depression over it. Not only was I dealing with the heartbreak of Matt's situation but also the effect that it had on our family. It definitely drove a wedge into it. Our house was and still is divided.

Mathew was raised in a home with one biological brother and two step brothers and a step sister and an involved father. I believed our family was basically happy together and the kids seemed to get along well, were all siblings and did things together. I believed that we were basically a happy family and all of my kids received our love and attention. We all lived what I consider to be a standard, normal family life. My husband worked full time, I worked part time and took care of the house, family and all the kids' needs. We were not perfect parents by no means but we certainly did the best we could and provided for all their needs. We also had a lot of fun together as a family. I reflect fondly of our family times together and I miss it sometimes. Now, my two step sons have nothing to do with my son, their brother Matt. They have completely turned their backs on him. No questions, no words of support, no show of concern and no support whatsoever. This too has me stressed and broken hearted. I haven't been able to figure out how the boys could just walk away from their brother Matt without a word, but they did. I can only imagine that they got together with all the mutual friends and talked about Matt and how they wanted to handle their relationships with him. Once upon a time, we together were a family. Now, we are not, we're more like acquaintances. The idea of a family reunion was out of the question. It made my anxiety sore when we went to gatherings that would include "our boy's friends", the ones that no longer have anything to do with my Matt but still hang with my other two sons. It was uncomfortable for me. I felt like all eyes were on me. It made me feel like somehow I was to blame for Matt's indiscretions. I received some very hateful and hurtful text messages from one of Matt's ex female roommates that I will never get over. The vile words that were sent to me were disgusting and disgraceful. She blamed me for Matt's behavior. (It's hard to believe that she, amongst the other roommates at one time before the arrest, referred to me as "mom".) Back then it was horrific to me. I was so embarrassed, hurt, angry and tormented for months and months. Now, I can cope with my son's initial arrest years ago and I can cope with the despicable person that was so hateful towards me.

Over the past seven or eight years, I've missed my son terribly. Early on, we spoke on the phone once a week or so and he seemed to be coping with his situation. He was working full time and also another part time job. He was staying busy with outdoor activities and making new friends and I was hopeful and sad for him at the same time. Hopeful that he could complete his 10 year probation and one day be able to come down to Florida for a visit or even move here. Sad because I could sense that he was lonely and stuck in Monroe County and he missed the people that once meant something to him.

June 7, 2022 I received a call from Matt's dad. Matt had been taken into federal custody for the possession of child pornography. I wasn't aware of the charges at the time but soon found out. I found out that Matt entered a plea for possession of child pornography and that he had been having explicit conversations with what he believed to be an underage minor. Once again, devastation and heartbreak but this time he's in jail and he's staying there. The fact that he pleaded as well as his pending future in prison has been one of the hardest things, next to death, that I have ever dealt with. My heart is broken. I feel like I am grieving him even though he is still alive.

Over the past 12 or so months Matt has called me every Wednesday evening without fail. We have short but pleasant conversations. It can be difficult sometimes to come up with things to talk about. I noticed though that Matt's attitude had gradually begun to change. Initially, he struggled emotionally and mentally. I could hear the desperation, uncertainty and sadness in his voice. (It is difficult to think of him incarcerated let alone suicidal. I still wonder when the phone call will come or a knock on the door is going to tell me that my son is dead.)

It has been a long year for me and I know a longer year for Matt but I take a bit of comfort in hearing Matt's voice these days as he seems to have accepted his fate. Relief maybe... Like a grand burden has been lifted off his shoulders. I know that he knows what he did was wrong and he is more accepting of his future than he was. As his mother, I know that he can feel my disappointment in him and he feels my heartbreak. I also know that Matt knows that no matter what, I will always love him and support him to the best of my ability. I could never stop loving my child. Ever.

I do hope and ask however, that you please take my words into consideration as you determine my son Mathew's punishment, sentence and future as an inmate. I do hope that he can receive some

kind of support for this type of mental illness. (I do believe he has a sickness or some type of addiction) There has to be some kind of therapy for whatever imbalance that he may have. I also hope and request that he can be placed in a location of like minded or non-violent offenders. As I fear for his physical safety and life.

I'd like to thank you for taking the time to read my letter. Whether it helps Mathew or not, it came from my heart.

Sincerely,

Deborah L Griswold

"Mathew's Mother"